



### Nazi Bulletin

[“Let us all pray to God that the year 1942 will bring a decision that will save our people as well as the nations allied to us.”—*Last words of Hitler's New Year's message from the front.*]

**T**IME tells us not, and no experience teaches  
 (There are some things beyond our human ken)  
 If there is any point in Hitler's speeches  
 More than the cackling of an aged hen  
 That has laid again.

I have asked diplomats and Press reporters  
 To tell me briefly if they understood  
 The meaning of his “message from headquarters”  
 (Some place no doubt from which the going is good)—  
 None of them could.

Mostly the old stuff—Germany the nation  
 Peaceful and beautiful in sun and showers  
 Enduring a perpetual molestation  
 From pluto-democratic Semite powers,  
 The poor, frail flowers.

And Churchill is a Jew—Stalin's another,  
 Financiers have them firmly by the neck,  
 And Franklin Roosevelt is the War God's brother,  
 And Wavell is a Jew, and Auchinleck,  
 And Chiang Kai-Shek.

Such men have marred the mightiest improvement  
 In culture (so he says) since Time began  
 (The reference being to the Nazi movement),  
 And this upsetting of his cosmic plan  
 Annoys the man.

I have heard Hitler screaming, Hitler braying,  
 And all his words were senseless and the same,  
 Still, I am glad to hear him close by praying  
 And not this time (for all his usual claim)  
 To his Own Name. EVOE.

## Charivaria

A GOSSIP-WRITER announces that he is making no good resolutions this year. Then what does he call that?

On being greeted by HITLER, a Japanese diplomat bowed twice. Once for the Inner Voice perhaps.

We now read that Germany attributes the Nazi set-back on the Eastern Front to VON BRAUCHITSCH, RIBBENTROP, Generals KRUEGER and GRAUSE, and the weather. And, of course, Marshal TIMOSHENKO.

### Birds of a Feather

"Housekeeper wanted, middle-aged country-woman, for working man, where 80 hens are kept; good quiet situation; if liked could go into partnership with hens, but not absolutely necessary."—*Adv.*

The threatened German invasion of this country at Christmas did not materialize, in spite of the fact that Mr. CHURCHILL and Lord BEAVERBROOK were away.

A correspondent in a weekly paper asks what can be done with a counterfeit five-pound note. He might try passing it off between a couple of genuine fivers when buying his next bottle of whisky.



A Rome radio commentator says: "We must teach the ill-mannered Englishman to take off his hat when speaking to an Italian." In the past we have *always* remained bareheaded when telling a Soho waiter what we want for dinner.

A correspondent says that in her knitting circle everybody is too busy even to talk. Sometimes it is so quiet that you can hear a stitch drop.



"The Russian people will not understand that it is useless to resist the shattering blows of the German Army," says a Berlin spokesman. This supports the theory that the Russians are reeling forward from shock.

When a newly-married couple left a London station for their honeymoon the bridegroom opened the carriage window to allow his wife to be photographed. We had no idea the Strength Through Joy movement had reached this country.

### An Unusual Duet

"An address was delivered by the Rev. R. K. Williamson, whilst a solo was sung by Master Sandy Duff."—*Scottish Paper.*

Trade Unions are absolutely forbidden in Germany. Ex-Generals will form one at their own risk.

"TOJO and GOEBBELS are alike in many respects," says a writer. "They are both small men—ruthless, acidulated and overbearing." Lately the resemblance has become even more striking. Now they are both little Aryans.

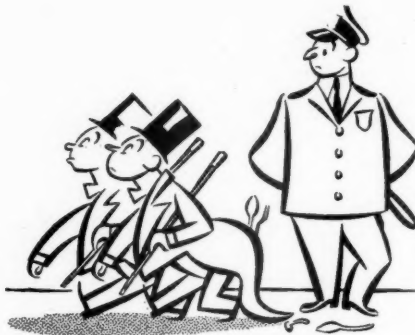
We understand a recent arrival in a German concentration camp had been found guilty of sending the FUEHRER a winter sports brochure.

"The fancy waistcoat will make a triumphant come-back after the war," predicts a writer. Doubtless. Full of bookmaker.

The first quisling to appear in the Far East is Thailand's Prime Minister, LUANG PIBUL SONGGRAM. Look out for him. He is bound to pop up in crossword puzzles.

Women are now being advised that vegetables help to make the hair more attractive. Only very small carrots, however, should be worn on the fringe.

"German General on the Spot," says a heading. Ex- marks it.



Two cat-burglars operating in an American city are described as being very little men who always wear full evening-dress. Efforts to capture them have so far failed because their footprints are obliterated by their long tails.

JR v.202 Jan-July 1, 1942

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—JANUARY 7 1942



NORTHERN LIGHTS



"Well, we'd better go up to the enemy's position, Arthur, and let THEM have a pot at him."

## Dark-Adaptation

or, Hints on Hemeralopia

MANY years ago, when vitamins were less fashionable than they are now, and only A, B and C had been heard of, we wrote a poem about the little things. It was handsomely printed in these pages, and it began, we remember, thus:

"There are three vitamins—not four;  
I have no doubt there will be more . . ."

How right we were! To-day, we fancy, they run to about J.

But that was not our only contribution to research. Towards the end of the poem we wrote:

"But I have found a vitamin  
In brandy, burgundy and gin."

Not everyone approved of this discovery, and the medical profession, as a whole, ignored it. But once more

Time, and the laboratory, have generously demonstrated our essential rightness.

You have all heard of "night-blindness." Many of you will have heard and some may even have swallowed the fantastic nonsense about carrots and other dull foods being good for night-blindness; and it has long been whispered that Vitamin C was the stuff for this complaint.

Well, now, look at your *Lancet* for December 27th, 1941.

In *The Lancet* for December 27th, 1941, beginning on page 787, you will find a long, learned and extremely interesting article by Flight-Lieutenant Simon Yudkin, R.A.F.V.R., M.B.

Lond., M.R.C.P. (Department of Chemical Pathology, University College Hospital Medical School). The article is headed:

"VITAMIN A AND DARK-ADAPTATION  
Effect of Alcohol, Benzedrine and Vitamin C."

Dark-adaptation means, we gather, what you and I would call "night-sight," as opposed to night-blindness; and the article gives the results of a long series of experiments made "in the hope of throwing further light on" the relation between Vitamin A and dark-adaptation.

And the results are pretty shocking—for the vitamins. The author, evidently, is anxious to be polite to the vitamins. He is not the sort of man who *could* be unfair to a vitamin. So the shock is the greater and the

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



conviction more profound when he says in his summary of conclusions:

"VITAMIN C HAS NOT BEEN FOUND TO IMPROVE ANY SUBJECT TESTED, EVEN IF ORIGINALLY DEFICIENT IN THIS VITAMIN."

"Six subjects," he writes, "with poor dark-adaptation were given 500 mg. Vitamin C daily for 10 days. In none of these was any improvement noted, whereas all subsequently became normal with Vitamin A."

So much, then, for all the poor dupes who have been hogging away at Vitamin C in the hope of keeping their noses out of lamp-posts in the black-out.

Vitamin A, as you will have noted, comes off better. There really does seem to be some relation between Vitamin A and dark-adaptation. But even this is pretty vague, you know. As the writer says: "It is not to be expected that Vitamin A is the only factor affecting dark-adaptation." (We never did expect it.) They don't know how much Vitamin A to give you, how soon it will make you a good dark-adaptor, or, indeed, whether it will do you any good at all.

Well, listen to this:

"Extent of hemeralopia and dose of Vitamin A needed for cure—"

"Hemeralopia," by the way, is a new one on us and, we expect, on you. It means, we take it, from old school - memories, "day - sightedness" —or "night-blindness" reversed. But our dictionary is ashore, and who can tell? Anyhow:

"There was no relation between the degree of night-blindness and the dose required to produce a prolonged cure." Some very poor chaps "required 300,000-400,000 I.U., while some with only slight hemeralopia required up to 2,000,000 I.U."

Gosh! 2,000,000 International Units of Vitamin A, when you're only slightly hemeralopic anyhow and presumably don't need any a lot!

Listen again:

"In a subject with night-blindness due to Vitamin A deficiency, a single dose of the vitamin may produce no improvement, an improvement lasting a few hours, or one lasting several days or weeks."

Did we say it was a bit vague—this vitamin?

Right.

Now let us turn, as the investigator turned, to the

"Effect of Alcohol"

And, for our part, we turn with some relief; for we turn at last into a field of confidence and certainty. Listen:

"The dose of alcohol used was 20 ml. in the form of 100 ml. sherry. Preliminary testing"—

(Note this—a charming touch)

"—preliminary testing showed that there was no difference in the reaction, whether pure diluted alcohol or sherry was used, so that the more pleasant vehicle was given."

"The effect of the final rod threshold in five cases is shown in Fig. 5. It is seen that there is a definite improvement in each case even when the original threshold was very low. THE CHANGE BEGINS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AND CONTINUES FOR ABOUT AN HOUR. . . THERE WAS NO CURVE WHICH WAS WORSE AFTER ALCOHOL."

Very different language, you must agree, and a very different tone. Vitamin C never improves any subject—Vitamin A may or may not; but alcohol does the trick in every case, if only for an hour.

And, mark you:

"There was no significant change in the blood Vitamin A in any case."

The writer goes on to the interesting case of two unfortunates who were given "120,000 I.U. of vitamin A and tested at intervals thereafter . . ." The blood vitamin A rose to more than 500 I.U. per 100 ml. serum—and the poor devils remained as night-blind as before. But:

"THESE TWO SAME SUBJECTS SHOWED A SIGNIFICANT EFFECT WITH ALCOHOL."

And, as we see in the "Summary":

"THE RESULTING IMPROVEMENT MAY BE BEYOND THAT POSSIBLE WITH VITAMIN A."

"May be . . ." And there the investigator leaves it, a little afraid, we feel, of his own conclusions. For nothing is said about the necessity for further prolonged experiments designed to produce prolonged results or the final humiliation of Vitamin A. We would gladly offer our body for such an experiment. Indeed, since this is the third winter through which we have steamed about a rather narrow and congested river in dark and fog, and have only (touch wood!) hit one bridge and one barge-road, we might have quite a lot of useful hints on hemeralopia.

But no—for once, we feel, Science is afraid of Society, and the investigator concludes his hard and brilliant work with this unscientific and flabby conclusion:

"The use of certain drugs, and especially of alcohol, for improving dark-adaptation must be considered in the light of their other, more obvious effects."

Pure prejudice, you see.

However, our thanks to him. Anyhow, it's a bit of a smack in the eye for the carrot. A. P. H.

#### Mews from the Western Desert

"Little enemy opposition was encountered and a German armoured cat patrol was captured, says G.H.Q., Cairo, to-day."

Stop Press Column.



" . . . and make an extra copy for the Wastepaper Salvage Committee."

## At the Pictures

### ELEPHANTS AND AVIATION

THE baby elephant who suffers because of his abnormally big ears until he finds he can fly with them—of course you know all about WALT DISNEY'S *Dumbo*. You know too your own attitude: you have read the notices, and most of you are quite certain that you will do your best to see the film and that you will enjoy it. Nothing remains for me but autobiography: to tell you that I enjoyed it myself. The quantitative approach is the popular one—I enjoyed it more than this, less than that . . . In fact I enjoyed it more, I think, than any of the other full-length Disneys. I recognize perfectly why this is, and I don't wish to suggest that my reasons are absolute values: I prefer slapstick of this kind to prettiness, and there is more room for slapstick than for prettiness in a story of the circus. People who want more prettiness must try to find *Snow White* and *Pinocchio* again. I think most of the tunes here, too, are better than those in *Snow White*: not quite so easy, with rather more range and sometimes an astringent, and probably preservative, slight trickiness of rhythm. (Not that the street whistlers will take any notice of that.)

The sentimental scenes—and one or two of them are very sentimental—I could have done without, but I dare say plenty of other people couldn't.

I think nearly everybody, adult or child, will be delighted with most of the piece. The over-tearful parts may disconcert some adults, and some moments of the brilliantly-done "delirium" scenes may disconcert the smaller children; but these are comparatively tiny troubles. The comic invention is unflagging all the way.

The trouble with these American films of Britain at War is that they have to be made with rather more than one eye on the American public. The circumstances of war in London have to be explained, and the emphasis always turns out to be on the

wrong things for a British audience. The details in *A Yank in the R.A.F.* (Director: HENRY KING) are nowhere

so ludicrously false as some in, for instance, *One Night in Lisbon*; but they're wrong enough. Not always anything you can put your finger on: just vaguely out of key. But then the war is merely part of the plot in *A Yank in the R.A.F.*; we hear and see as much of it as happens to influence the love affair of *Tim Baker* (TYRONE POWER) and *Carol Brown* (BETTY GRABLE). It seems that *Tim* came over as a ferry pilot, and joined the R.A.F. partly because he thought the war was being kept in low gear (all this is pre-Dunkirk: Dunkirk comes in as the climax) and partly to impress *Carol*. There is quite a lot of exciting stuff, interspersed with cabaret scenes (*Carol* is a cabaret singer, and sings us two new songs; but much of the background-music consists for some reason of "These Foolish Things" and "Cherry Ripe").

There have been other "marital comedies"—the last I saw was *The Feminine Touch*—based on the idea that one partner allowed a veil of scientific theory to mask the emotionalism demanded of all film heroes and heroines, and the other didn't; the story being of how human nature had to break in, and how the scientific pitchfork with which it had been driven out went on to the scrap-heap. In *The Feminine Touch* it was the husband who had the theory; in *Appointment for Love* (Director: WILLIAM A. SEITER) it is the wife—MARGARET SULLAVAN. The husband being CHARLES BOYER, you can realize the strength of the opposition, and even though the wife is apparently a most efficient doctor, apt to talk about operations at the 7 A.M. breakfast-table, she can't hold out. This film is a cheerful example of its kind, in which the backgrounds are all brightly lit and expensive and nobody is poor or miserable; the lines are good, the principals are attractive, and the theme is embroidered with bright incident. The excellent small-part players include EUGENE PALLETTE, and GUS SCHILLING as a liftman torn between curiosity and his duty "not to interfere with the private lives of the tenants."

R. M.

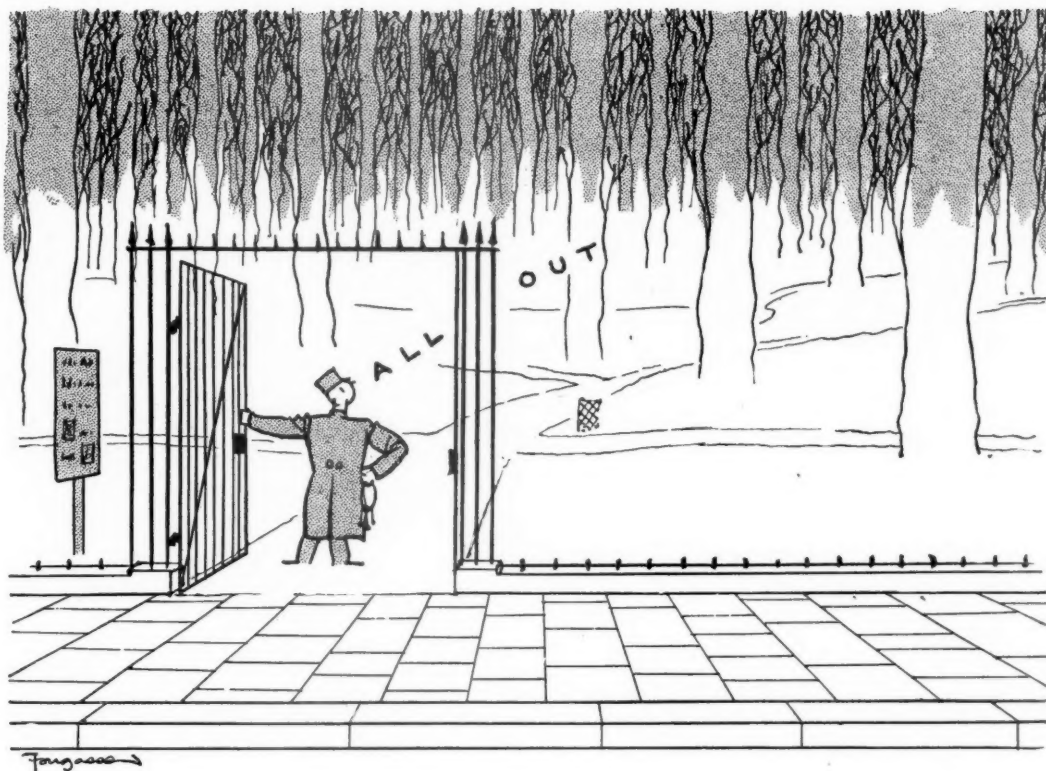


THE NEW RIVAL  
Mickey and Timothy



A LIGHT IN HIS EYE

André Cassil. . . . . CHARLES BOYER  
Jane Alexander . . . . . MARGARET SULLAVAN



### Women's Rights

**M**RS. LAPIN tells me that present conditions offer an unparalleled opportunity for women to come into their own, for their equality with men to be recognized and their rights once and for all to be established, and that unless they seize this unique opportunity with both hands they deserve to be relegated to unprogressive feminine occupations unworthy of their sex.

But it's no good; I liked feminine occupations. I even enjoyed making drawing-room tea. Elegant—I'll almost say dainty—cups and saucers covered with improbable flowers on a papier-mâché tray with a lot of the gold rubbed off, and the hot buttered toast balanced on the slop-basin.

To walk down a garden path, under a pergola, swinging a shallow basket with a pair of Chinese scissors and some bass in it, seemed to me an excellent occupation, and I gladly spent the morning doing the flowers.

I like Art very much, but given the choice of a card for a Private View or

an invitation to a Dress Show, the Dress Show won without a struggle.

Also I may as well confess, when finding on a table an array of glistening weekly papers, I would pick out the one with a clever drawing on the outside, done with the wrong end of the brush, of a woman in the kind of clothes I imagined I should achieve one day. I would spend hours in a cosmetic department, among those dashing modern bottles and glass cases protecting the more important lipsticks.

I really didn't mind at all talking about servants and children, and buying a new hat was my idea of heaven.

Ordering dinner I enjoyed only when there were men to feed (when alone I had an egg on a tray like the jokes), and while complying with their taste for a fine dry Hock, would have preferred a nice sweet Graves.

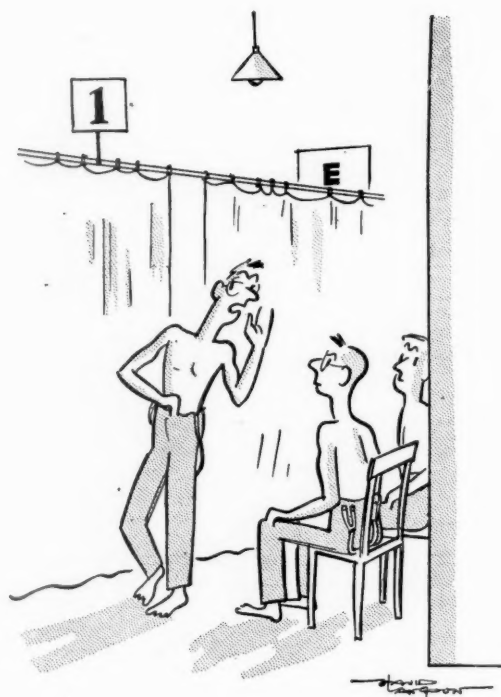
I would rather be driven in a car, and used to sit in a trance when it was a question of the way, or the moment

for everyone to put their heads inside the bonnet and have theories.

I enjoyed fêtes, weddings, seeing new babies and the sales, and when it was shooting, liked to join the gentlemen for luncheon under a sheltered hedge, and then go home in the van.

Secretly I rather envy the Jane Austen ladies who gossiped over their embroidery all morning and wrote long sentimental letters to their friends.

When the war is over, casting aside my Rights, together with my uniform, badges, files of schedules A, B and C, gas-mask, ration-card, coupons, and identity disc, I shall have breakfast in one of those padded pink satin beds, punched with pink satin buttons, on a smart basket bed-table, with pockets for things each side, dressed in a mass of marabout, a long flat box of flowers arriving with the papers, and a few letters all in enormous blue envelopes with sprawling writing, several novels with their covers still on, and a snow-white telephone just about to ring.



"E, CF, BDE, ZPNO, DBUOR, PFERSM,  
SRTCDEV, HBSTXRUL . . . easy . . ."

## Parrots and the R.A.F.

### III

THE R.A.F. Mess, Prangmere, thought it had really got rid of Flying-Officer Flaps' parrot last week, when the bird broke off an ill-advised combat with the Mess cat and disappeared into the night—the cat subsequently claiming a probable. Yesterday, however, the parrot—described by Squadron-Leader Undercart as a grey mid-wing monoplane with heavily armoured front turret, retractable undercarriage and high yellow astrodome—made a silent glide approach through the window and began to circle the aerodrome prior apparently to coming in to land.

The Mess promptly went into committee.

Pilot-Officer Airscrew said blow him down, if it wasn't that damn parrot again. Flying-Officer Flaps said hell's bells, and he had been hoping it had force-landed somewhere out in the wilds and broken its ruddy neck. Pilot-Officer Prune said parrots didn't break their necks when they force-landed. Flying-Officer Flaps said they would if they forgot to select their undercarriage down, they'd belly-land, tilt up on their nose and . . . Pilot-Officer Prune said parrots never broke their necks at any time, they hadn't that sort of air-frame, they could only get them wrong. Flying-Officer Flaps took a poor view of Pilot-Officer Prune's theory, referring to it as complete bull.

The parrot said cronklehawkleookerchonk, or words to

that effect, and began to hover above the recumbent form of Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute having a zizz on the settee after a late night in the Ops Room. Pilot-Officer Airscrew said what did it say, and Flying-Officer Talespin said its R/T didn't seem to be very good but he thought it was asking what was its turn to land, please. Squadron-Leader Undercart said good lord, it's mistaken Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute's stomach for the flare-path, here, wake up, Lyne-Shute! . . . Wing-Commander Blower hastily said not to tell him, for heaven's sake, it'd spoil it, give the bird a green on the Aldis lamp and see what happened. Pilot-Officer Rudder said cracking fine idea, Sir, and Pilot-Officer Nosedyeve said a-absolutely wizard.

The parrot made an engine-assisted approach, held off nicely at three inches, and made a perfect three-point landing without over-shooting the boundary of Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute's tunic.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said abruptly *eeayeohow*. The parrot said what a night, what a night, took off hastily and went round again. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute asked what the suffering sam was that. Flying-Officer Talespin said what was his trouble. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute thanked him and said his was a beer, and as he (Talespin) was nearest the bell . . .

The parrot set a course for the far end of the Mess, did a snappy Immelman just above the radio and made good a reciprocal track to the fire-place end, where Group-Captain Boost was reading the paper.

Pilot-Officer Rudder said oh, Sir, look out, Sir, and covered his eyes. The parrot just banked round Group-Captain Boost's head in time, using a lot of rudder, and calling up Aerodrome Control, requested them to roll out the barrel.

Group-Captain Boost said what was that, was it that infernal parrot again, shoot it down someone and put it back in its hangar, it looked as though it were going to dive-bomb him any minute. Squadron-Leader Undercart said he thought it was only making dummy runs. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute, hastily finishing his beer, said he for one was taking no chances, down the hatch, Talespin, old man, but let's have the other half.

The parrot pointed out that in its opinion there'd be no promotion this side of the ocean, so cheer up, its lads . . . Squadron-Leader Undercart here winged it with a match-box and its R/T luckily packed up. Pilot-Officers Airscrew

## TO REMIND YOU

about the great Waste Paper Contest. It ends on January 31st. The country is divided into twenty areas; for each area there is a £1,000 prize to be won. This sum will be divided among the Local Authorities in each area which between January 1st and 31st, inclusive, collect most by weight of waste paper and cardboard per head of the population. Half of any prize-money won has to be given by the Local Authority to the Red Cross, Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund, the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, or the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. Make a big effort, put out all you can for collection, try to do better than the rest of the country, and by so doing help four great charities and

## THE WAR EFFORT





"Bit awkward nowadays, chum, having to carry things unwrapped!"

and Rudder next came into action with heavy flak—magazines and books from the Mess table—and for some while the barrage was intense. The parrot took skilful avoiding action throughout and Pilot-Officer Nosedryve said it would be wizard on an operational sortie. Wing-Commander Blower said that he'd like to see it over Hamburg. Group-Captain Boost said personally he intended to see it in its cage or know the reason why, get cracking now. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said whoever threw that Bradshaw would have to buy him another beer.

At this point the parrot came down low and began hedge-hopping the chairs. A lucky burst from a rolled-up *Express* (Flying-Officer Talespin) caused it to crash-land in an armchair. Squadron-Leader Undercart, operating the heaviest flak yet seen—a cushion—said got it, dammit he hadn't, yes by Jove he had, it was underneath, pull it out someone. Four Pilot-Officers and one Flying-Officer pointed out it was Flying-Officer Flaps' parrot. Flying-Officer Flaps said the hell with that, its front gunner was still in action and he'd been bitten three times already, let it have a taste of someone else.

Group-Captain Boost said he'd give Flying-Officer Flaps just five minutes, what about it?

Flying-Officer Flaps thereupon returned the bird to its hangar with a skilful grip on the top of the fuselage. The parrot said a large number of things which would have been quite unrepeatable except that Flying-Officer Flaps on releasing it became a casualty for the fourth time and repeated most of them.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said he'd like very much to know who *did* throw that Bradshaw, and the committee meeting was then terminated.

A. A.

## "Despise Not Propheying . . ."

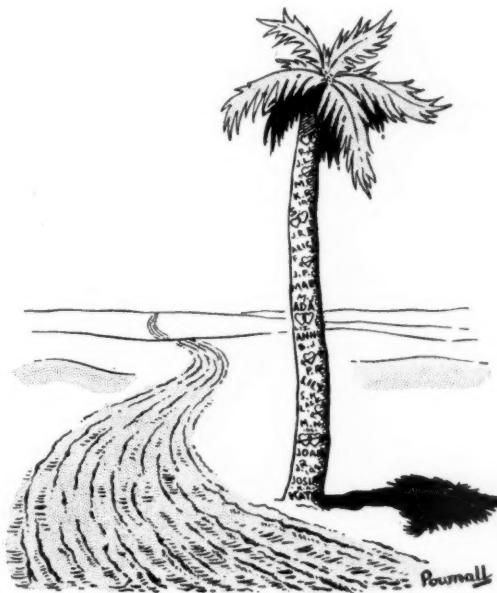
**I**F, in 1933,  
you had said to me  
Virginia, old sock, I see it all planned,  
it is written in your horoscope and in your hand  
that in 1942  
you  
will find yourself sitting one night,  
feeling quite  
outstandingly pipped  
in the crypt  
of a Bristol church . . . you will be leaning in a dump  
over an object called a stirrup pump,  
wearing your husband's trousers and a travelling rug,  
and drinking tepid coffee out of an enamel mug—  
Stop! I should have said,  
listen, my sweet, you are ill, you must go to bed  
*at once!* Now don't get in a rage,  
but it looks as if you're getting to the pink elephant stage,  
so be a good chap and throttle  
down on the bottle.  
Or I might have said Chucks!  
or Sucks!  
but I should never, never,  
however  
much it grieved you,  
have said I believed you.

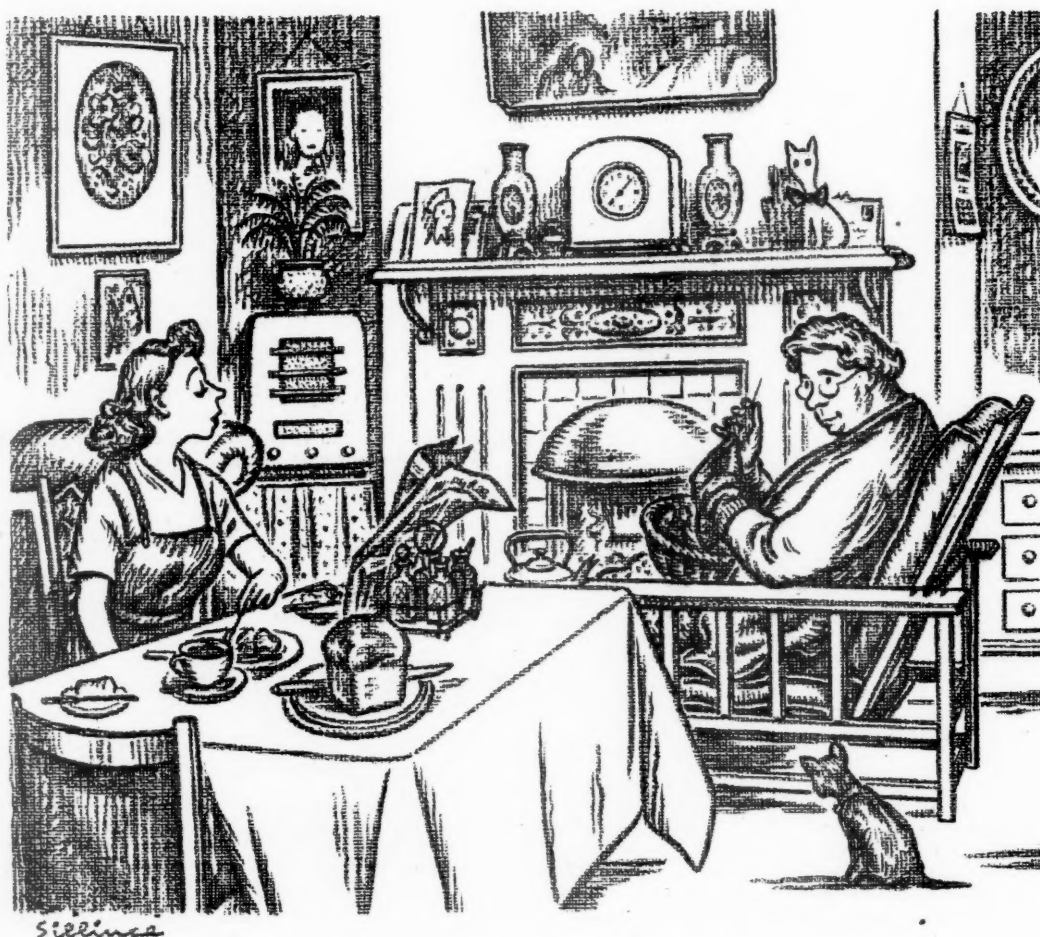
Which only goes to show,  
said she, again (alas) rolling off the lie-low.

V. G.

## Now You Know

"Once again this week-end the world's spotlight turns to Tokyo, where Japanese statesmen are again grappling with problems engendered by attempting to follow a national policy whose repercussions tend to exceed the limits set by circumspection."—*Malta Paper*.





"Are you still doing that secret war work you were telling me all about, dear?"

### *On the Statue of Blake at Bridgwater*

O H, Blake was born at Bridgwater,  
A brave West Country town,  
Where blood runs warm, and strong wind  
blows  
And sea-birds cry where Parret flows,  
And men grow broad and brown.

Now Blake looks over Bridgwater,  
The salt spray on his lips,  
His gaze beyond the old grey walls . . .  
Behind him are the market-stalls;  
Before him lie the ships.

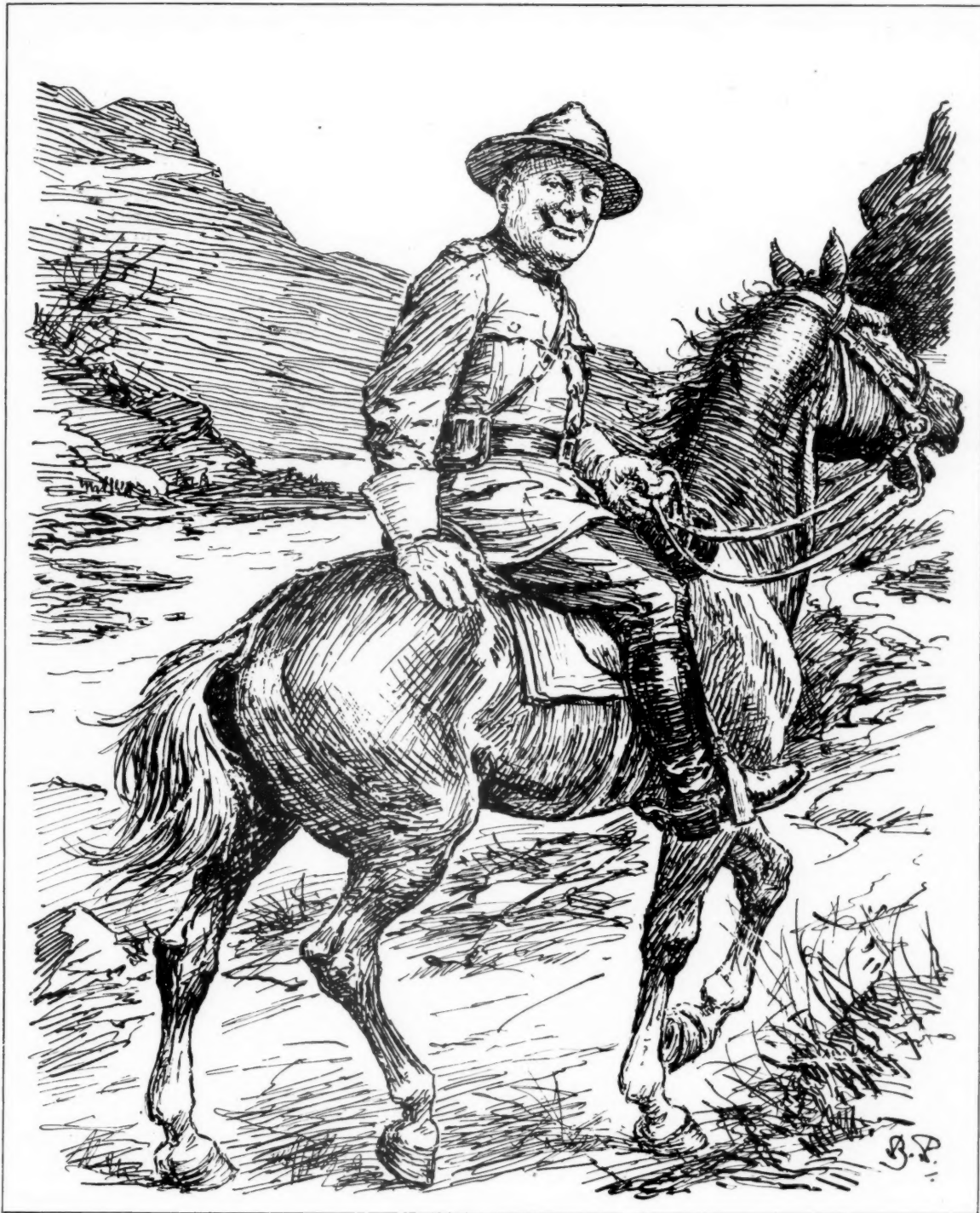
Blake fortune'd far from Bridgwater  
Three hundred years ago;

And there he stands above the street  
Whom Fortune hardened with defeat  
And Victory's hour laid low.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most folk who come to Bridgwater,  
With purchases to make,  
Go agonizing through the muss,  
Until it's time to catch the bus—  
And have no eyes for Blake.

But Blake still stands in Bridgwater,  
And points towards the sea,  
Where dolour dwells and danger drives,  
And men go down who give their lives  
To set a slave's world free.



### THE MOUNTIE

"I mean to get my men."

["The invaders and tyrants must be made to feel that their fleeting triumphs will have a terrible reckoning."  
*Mr. Churchill at Ottawa.*]



## Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon a time—actually the very time in which all of us are rather uncomfortably living now—there was a young German called Simon. It will be of no avail for the reader to say that this is no moment for writing stories about young Germans. The reader can of course refuse to read the story. Many a reader has done the same thing with many a story with even less excuse, such as preferring to take the dog for a walk or to get on with the minesweeper's sleeveless pullover—but nothing is going to prevent us from writing the story of Simon.

He was called, with very good reason, Simple Simon, and diligent search on the part of the local Gestapo had discovered that one of his ancestors about ten generations back was not purely Aryan.

Naturally, this necessitated Simon's escape from his native land—which was anyway not at its best just then. He therefore left it, under difficulties which gave him quite enough material to write a book subsequently published in England under the title of *I Crawled Under the Barbed Wire*, and landed, by parachute, on what he hoped and believed to be the shores of Portugal.

Having acquired a parachutist's equipment—under circumstances that enabled him to write another book, called *Out of the Sky I Dropped*—he had with him nothing at all except a loaded rifle, a Tommy-gun, a camera, several maps, a portable wireless-set, a complete change of clothing, a portrait of the Fuehrer, a couple of hand-grenades, some iron rations, and two forged passports.

Simon, with some common sense, left most of these things in a wood—partly because he had, after all, only one pair of hands, partly because it occurred to him that some of this equipment might rouse a little comment. The iron rations, however, he kept in his pocket—though having his doubts about them because he and most of his countrymen had been living on iron rations for several years now and thought them only too well-named. He then walked out into what he trusted was the Portuguese countryside.

His first qualm—apart from the many that he had experienced on the journey, which eventually resulted in a book called *I Didn't Enjoy It*—occurred when he noticed the total absence of signposts. His second was when he saw quite a large collection of

men who looked exactly like British soldiers in British uniform standing round a lorry in a fashion that Simon could not help thinking was characteristically British. When most of them said "Morning" as he went past, his qualms turned into certainties.

Feeling, what with one thing and another, rather destroyed, Simon pulled his iron rations out of his pocket and went so far as to look at them. Further than that, however, he felt unable to go.

At that very moment his fears were confirmed by the sight of a very small shop bearing the thoroughly English inscription: T. Brown, Family Baker.

Moreover, as though this were not enough, an even more thoroughly English sight was slowly coming down the village street, and this was a policeman.

Simon shot into the establishment of T. Brown, Family Baker.

He knew, from experience in his native land, that bakers hadn't a thing to offer anyone except perhaps pounded acorns, of which Simon was extremely sick, but his simplicity—which had been described by a less civil word at home—led him to ask in rather feeble tones for a meat pie.

(It was the purest wishful thinking, and he felt that he might just as well have asked for the Orloff diamond at once, except that it would have been of much less use to him had he got it.)

"A meat pie, Sir?" said the baker. "That'll be a penny. If I might ask you . . . ?"

Simple Simon, reeling from head to foot at this revelation of starving England, had so little expected to be able to buy any food that he hadn't any penny, and said so.

The accent with which he spoke led the baker to suspect the truth, and Simple Simon told him his whole story, thereby laying the foundations of a book that was subsequently published under the title of *Myself Within and Without*. (A good many literary critics took advantage of this and not only asked Without what? but proceeded to answer the question themselves.)

The pie-man therefore explained, apologetically enough, that he thought as how he ought to call in the constable, but meanwhile he invited Simon to a seat by the fire in the kitchen, where Mrs. T. Brown at once handed him a nice cup o' tea, and threw in one of the pies into the bargain.

And even the internment camp to which Simple Simon was eventually

escorted was an immense improvement on his own country.

His iron rations he offered to the camp cat, but the cat took one look at them and turned away.

All that can be said for that episode is that it gave Simon an inspiration for yet another book, to be called *Even Cats Are Better Off in England*.

E. M. D.

## Rest Cure

WE were bustling about getting ready for first parade last Saturday morning when Sapper Purver noticed that Sapper Sympton was still in bed.

"You'll be late," said Corporal Bayne, "and you needn't expect me to cover you up by saying you are on cookhouse duty. Last time I did that you came bounding up, two minutes late, and got both of us into trouble."

"There will be no need for an alibi to-day," said Sympton loftily. "I have been detailed for a special job by Lieutenant Vague himself. Apparently they have got in a mess in the Accounts Office at H.Q. and they want a skilled accountant to help them out. Colonel Bulkeley mentioned the trouble to Lieutenant Vague, and Lieutenant Vague immediately said 'Sympton is the man. I will send him along in the morning.'"

"But I didn't know," said Sapper Purver, "that you were a skilled accountant?"

"My grandfather," said Sapper Sympton, "was a bank manager, and to a certain extent figures are in my blood. Lieutenant Vague forgot to tell me what time he wanted me to report, so I intend to look in about ten."

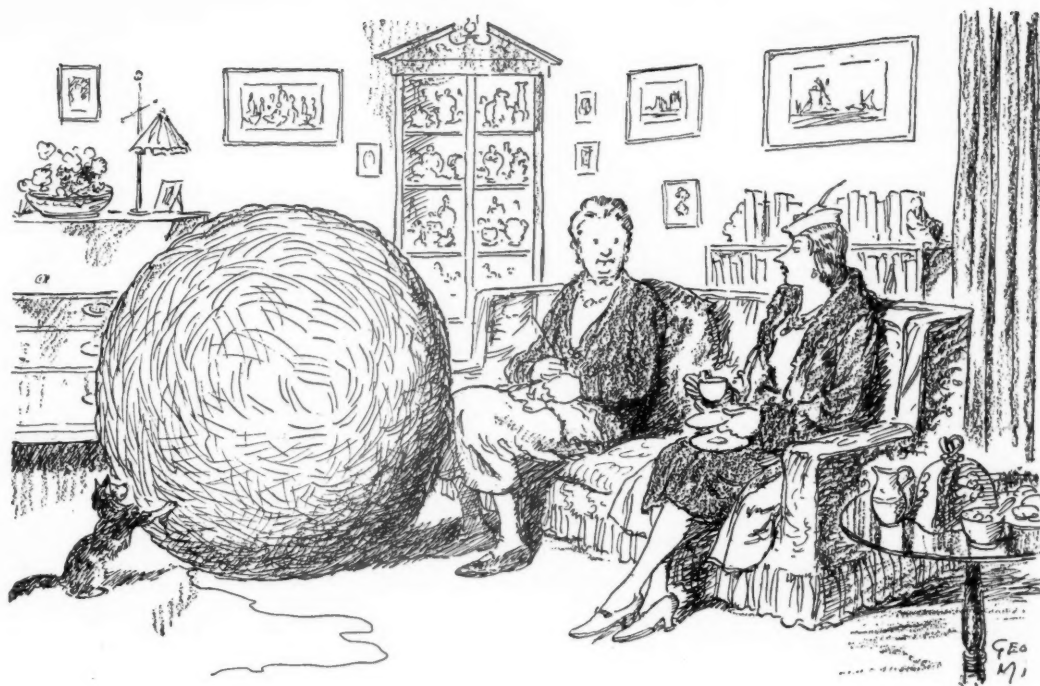
We went on parade feeling slightly envious of Sympton, and any doubt we had about the truth of his story was dispelled when Sergeant Green called the roll. He repeated Sympton's name twice, and then Lieutenant Vague interposed, saying that he had sent Sympton to Accounts Department.

Envy increased when, on our return from an exhausting morning charging up a steep and slippery hill with fixed bayonets, we found Sympton sitting in the hut's only chair, smoking his pipe and reading the *Daily Blare*.

"How long have you been back?" asked Corporal Bayne.

"Half an hour," said Sapper Sympton. "I told the Colonel quite





*"I took the opportunity to get it wound while Harold was on leave."*

frankly that while I was prepared to work ordinary hours on a sappering job, I must insist on professional hours when accounting. Few chartered accountants work for more than a couple of hours on Saturdays. My brother is a chartered accountant, and in peace-time he used just to call in at the office on his way to golf. Now that he is a Paymaster-Commander in the Navy he still plays golf on Saturday mornings—except when at sea—and the only difference is that he doesn't go through the formality of calling at the office."

"Is this a permanent job?" asked Corporal Bayne. "Or was it just for this morning?"

"It will last all next week," said Sympson, "and into the following week, with care."

There were several of us in the section who knew at least as much about accountancy as Sympson, and our thoughts naturally turned to ways and means of persuading him to give up his job to us. Sapper Andrews offered to change bayonets with him, and Sympson was definitely shaken. Sympson was issued with a bayonet that has an alarming habit of falling off when he orders arms, but which the

storekeeper refuses to change because it remains firmly fixed whenever Sympson takes it to him to show him how it falls off.

While Sympson was considering Sapper Andrews' bid, however, Sapper Purver interrupted by producing his gum-boots. Sapper Sympson was on leave when gum-boots were issued, and

when he came back the only remaining pair consisted of one left boot size 12, and one right boot size 6. Sympson and Purver both take tens.

"You have to do field-work in your ordinary boots," Sapper Purver reminded him, "which means spending at least half an hour every evening getting them clean. Tell Mr. Vague that the job at H.Q. is beyond you, but that Sapper Purver will do it, and we will change gum-boots."

Sapper Taylor won the day in the end, however. He offered to change places with Sapper Sympson on the leave roster, which meant that Sympson would go home a fortnight earlier. So on Monday morning Sapper Taylor set off for H.Q. and Sapper Sympson went on first parade.

In the evening Sapper Taylor returned, looking tired and morose. Apparently there had been a small outbreak of fire at H.Q. in the previous week, and it was the mess made by the fire that Sapper Sympson had been detailed to clear up. Sapper Taylor had spent the day on his hands and knees, with a scrubbing-brush, and he told us that Sympson's estimate of the job as probably lasting only a week was optimistic.

### WORLD WAR

**T**HE British Navy is now facing danger in most of the seas of the world. Remember, it is to the sacrifices of these sailors that you owe many of the comforts of civilized life which you still enjoy. In return, will you not contribute to the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? A gift to this Fund enables you to express your gratitude in tangible form. You owe it to our sailors to see that they are well provided with extra comforts this winter. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.



"I want something that puts all that in a nutshell."

## Decline and Fall

**D**EAREST HILDA,—Although I was so wonderfully spared last winter by Providence—and of course our little shelter—I feel I should really be wise to get out of London during these long dark nights. You have so many friends, dear Hilda, do you know of any teeny nook or cranny for me? I would do without a sitting-room if I could have a big bedroom with a bright fire, and as you know I am very easy and not a bit like an elderly spinster, and quite ready to help in *any* way—doing the flowers or something. I couldn't pay more than £2 2s., but I know they would understand that it is a case of couldn't not wouldn't. They would just have to think of me as their war-work!

Yours affectionately,  
EVIE BENTLEY.

P.S.—I must have plenty of milk because of my silly duodenum.

**D**EAREST COUSIN EVIE,—Of course we'll find something for you. I only wish you could come here where I've just arrived to live with my great friend, Molly Cartwright. She's *such* a darling, and *such fun*. We have to do the whole house ourselves, but she just makes a joke of it, and does heaps

of outside war-work as well. She's wonderful. I'll ask her about you and she's sure to know of something; she has such masses of delightful friends.

Best love, HILDA.

**D**EAREST HILDA,—Well, here I am with Mrs. Cartwright's friends, and know I shall be very happy indeed. Mrs. Kent is a dear, and *so* sympathetic that I found myself pouring out my

troubles at once. I am to have the use of Mr. Kent's sitting-room in the day, which suits everyone. There is a nice elderly Scotch housemaid and a delightful little boy, Victor, who I already love. I am *so* grateful to you and to Mrs. Cartwright for finding me this haven.

Yours affectionately,  
EVIE BENTLEY.

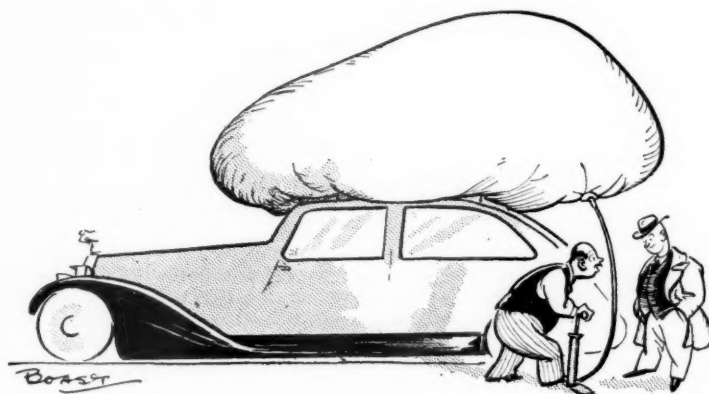
**D**EAREST COUSIN EVIE,—Forgive pencil, but I am in bed with a chill. This place is icy and Molly was out at a W.V.S. meeting last night, and of course the stove went out, so no hot bath. I wish Molly wouldn't take on so much, not because I mind, but it's really too much for her. After all, her home should count as war-work too. So glad you are happy and comfortable.

Best love, HILDA.

**D**EAREST HILDA,—I wish I could have had you here with your chill. Mrs. Kent is the kindest person in the world, and takes such an interest in my internal troubles. She insisted on my staying in bed on Sunday, and bringing my meals herself, because Hannah, the housemaid, is really past her work. Of course Mrs. Kent spoils her atrociously, and lets her speak to her *and to me* very rudely sometimes. I've not been used to it and said so frankly. Mrs. Kent was sweet about it. I do hope your chill is better.

Yours affec., EVIE BENTLEY.  
P.S.—I think she spoils Victor too.

**D**EAREST COUSIN EVIE,—Only a short note—as of course I've got all the washing up, as usual. I wouldn't mind so much if Molly seemed grateful, but she seems to think it a huge joke



"It's only a face-saver."

and says "Poor old Hilda—scullery-maid again," which I call a bit too much, especially as I'm only five years older than her. I could do with some of your hostess's sympathy! But there it is—I mustn't grumble, as she is a darling really.

Love from HILDA.

DEAREST HILDA,—I can't help being a little upset by something that has just occurred. I particularly wanted to finish a letter after dinner and so went to my sitting-room. Mr. Kent came in and said "Oh, I thought I was allowed to sit here at night, Miss Bentley," with a laugh—you know—but not really nicely. It made me feel most awkward. After all, I have given up my home to live with them. I do feel rather hurt about it all.

Yours affectionately,  
EVIE BENTLEY.

DEAREST COUSIN EVIE,—What a shame! But really Molly's friends are so extraordinary that I'm not surprised at anything. My dear, you should see the couple that have just been here—not an h between them. But of course Molly is no family really. I should have realized that by that awful common laugh which gets on my nerves till I could almost scream. You should be firm with old Kent. It's the only thing. I've said I will not wash up when Molly has to rush off to her everlasting committees, which is just an excuse to leave me alone, I believe. Sorry for this dirge, but I am freezing cold, as usual, and depressed.

Love from HILDA.

DEAREST HILDA,—I must say you are right about Mrs. Cartwright's friends. They are extraordinary. Mrs. Kent *knows* I've got a delicate stomach (she fires so many questions at one that my brain is always buzzing after half an hour with her anyhow!), and yet she pours milk down that dreadful little boy's throat—he is far too fat anyway—and grudges every drop to me. And the odious Hannah won't do a thing for me. It's all very hard.

Yours, E. B.

Telegram to Bentley, Amersham 031.

Can you conceivably meet me lunch Harridges 1.15 to-morrow. Things impossible here. Feel cannot stand it any longer. HILDA.

Telegram to Miss Hilda Curtis,  
Cuckfield 22.

Regret Miss Bentley left suddenly yesterday. Have forwarded your telegram. KENT. M. D.



"I've never known the 8.23 so crowded."

## Winged Victory

WINGED victory, we pray you,  
fly  
From Greece enslaved to our  
cold sky  
And let your starry ægis fall  
On us who striving strive for all.

Endow with virtue and sublime  
Success the fighters as they climb  
To battle. Let their aim be true  
Who now are supplicating you.

And sit with those who nightly ride  
The storm-winds and the cloud-strewn  
tide  
That rolls and surges, breaks and roars  
In tumult over hostile shores.

And when your wings have brought  
us peace  
We will escort you home to Greece  
And set you high where you will be  
Man's pilgrimage, sweet Victory.

## Commercial Candour

"We do invisible Darning. When you get your suit back it won't look like a darned suit at all."—Advt. in *Natal Paper*.

## The Last Word

"A tu quoque is a woman's hat."  
Schoolboy's answer.

## At the Pantomime

### "JACK AND JILL" (PALACE)

THE story of *Jack and Jill* used not to exceed a simple quatrain, with rhyme of very nursery standard, about a frustrated experiment in water-gathering. Mr. EMILE LITTLER, author of the very gay and enjoyable pantomime at the Palace, has larger notions. His *Jack* not only goes in search of a magical fluid, without much help from his lady-friend, but is also the lost Prince of Sylvania. Sylvania is obviously the kind of country with which HITLER's patience was exhausted some time ago, and it will have to be restored to *Jack* and liberty (for of course he is as democratic as royal), earlier, let us hope, than 1943.

Mr. LITTLER is something of an innovator, and there will be sticklers who object to the invasion of so true blue a kingdom as that of pantomime by the restless hand of Reform. For example, *Jack and Jill* reveals a scarcity of the grand old rhymes and puns, the story itself is not taken from the familiar shelf, and Mr. ARTHUR ASKEY, instead of appearing as Idle Jack or Buttons, is listed on the programme with his own trade-name of BIG-HEARTED ARTHUR. However, these are small issues. What matters is the ability of Reform to make the fun fast and furious as well as fresh. In that *Jack and Jill* amply succeeds.

Mr. ASKEY is a host in himself, a mercurial midget with a ready phrase or a new set of comical capers for meeting every situation. Reform allows him to make it plain that he doesn't believe a word of it all and to be a droll outside the story instead of in it. Perhaps the modern child has no illusions about the stage, and so this kind of betrayal does not matter. Certainly, too, London pantomimes, even at the matinées, will be mainly adult entertainments this year. In any case, Mr. ARTHUR ASKEY justifies

his liberties. He is "a caution," as the nursemaids used to say, a very quick and nimble clown, and may create an Arthurian legend of irresistible drollery, like the mighty "comics" of old. He

and-out and ever on the defensive, Mr. GRAY is a Dickensian figure who might have taken *Nickleby's* place at Dotheboys before he ended up in Mr. Sleary's Circus. He has an alert and a most athletic colleague in Mr. JACK HARTMAN.

Principal Boys, it is common knowledge, are neither as brassy nor as bulky as they used to be. Reform permits them to be small and witty and even shy, instead of robust, thigh-smacking mistresses of the rollicking style. Miss FLORENCE DESMOND is a distinguished pupil of the New School. She has neither the big assemblance nor the great assurance of the old brigade. Her neat little *Jack* is charming to watch, but, vocally, on the quiet side. Since Miss DESMOND once more proves herself to have a genius for mimicry, perhaps it would be better fun if she gave up the whole time to imitating an old-style Principal Boy in full voice and flourish. Mr. BRYAN MICHIE is an immense and benign *Dame*, Mr. ARCHIE GLEN is a ripe stage pedagogue, and Miss CONNIE CLARE a tuneful *Jill*. Pantomime Reform is capitably commended by its children. I. B.



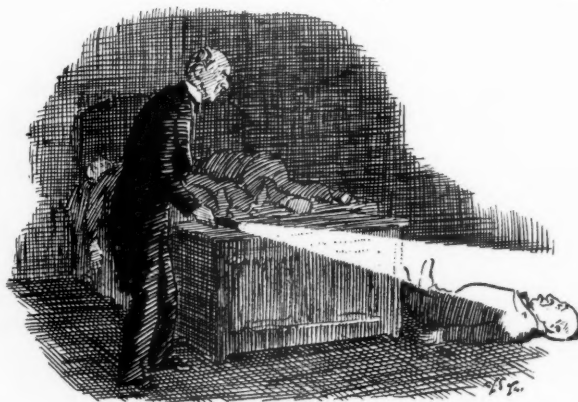
[Jack and Jill]

### A TINY GEM IN A BIG SETTING

*Mary, Quite Contrary* . . . . . MISS VERA FRANCIS  
*Big-Hearted Arthur* . . . . . MR. ARTHUR ASKEY  
*Jack* . . . . . MISS FLORENCE DESMOND

has excellent assistance from Mr. EDDIE GRAY, a comedian who juggles very cleverly and mingles wit with his

tuneful *Jill*. Pantomime Reform is capitably commended by its children. I. B.



[Warn That Man!]

### CREEPY

dexterity. Lean, wan, ragged, dyspeptic, with Victorian "tile" and moustaches, equipped with schoolboy French and a juggler's outfit, down-

theme-song), but the grounds are infested with Huns, or at least with ladies and gentlemen whose behaviour is no better than that. A tougher

## At the Play

### "WARN THAT MAN!" (GARRICK)

"THAT man," in Mr. VERNON SYLVAIN'S play, is neither HITLER nor Mr. TOMMY HANDLEY: he appears to be an important member of the British Cabinet who is addicted to cigars and has a notably combatant spirit. Naturally the Fifth Column would like to anticipate his arrival in a certain home-county mansion. The architecture of this home from home patently belongs to the Goths (its baronial tenant might well make "Underneath the Arches" his



crowd, it may fairly be said, never deployed for action in Metroland.

They had reckoned of course without Mr. GORDON HARKER, who, in the rôle of a stage-door-keeper bombed out of Shaftesbury Avenue into Bucks, comes to the rescue not only of that menaced Man, but of a play that would limp sorely without the powerful crutch which the gay and gallant GORDON provides. Mr. HARKER presents, as only he can, a good old-world East-End-er of a year which says "All Sir Garnet" when "O.K." is intended. (Do people still say "All Sir Garnet"? It is nice to think of such Victorian loyalty.) He also uses rhyming slang, which is one of the dullest forms of vernacular ever devised. But Mr. HARKER can make even this seem amusing as he trips up one traitor after another.

The stage-door-keeper would never have found himself among the wrong 'uns at the right moment had it not been for his lordship's niece, who invited all the "blitzed" staff of the theatre to billet themselves on uncle. How was she to know that it would be a very crooked billet indeed, and that

her noble kinsman would be imprisoned in his own bedroom and impersonated in his own Lounge Hall? (Dear Lounge Halls! What would the drama do without these curious apartments whose architecture suggests only a highly organized system of draughts?) However, she does the right thing by inviting Mr. HARKER to stay the night in this historic house with a rat in every arras.

The young lady (Miss JUDY KELLY) proves herself to be as game a rat-catcher as Mr. HARKER himself. In vain does Mr. PERCY PARSONS, as a bogus butler, curl his lip and flash his steel. In vain does Mr. BASIL RADFORD, cast well outside his usual type of jovial Johnny, wear the false beard of the Fifth Column. In vain do the hirelings of the foe dabble with the wireless and doctor the wine. The Shaftesbury Avenue party can take a load of that, as the saying goes, and give off sparks in response—sparks of gun-fire and sparks, intermittently, of wit.

The result is a boys' magazinish matter: "For Non-Adults Only" might be written up outside. But it is a happy

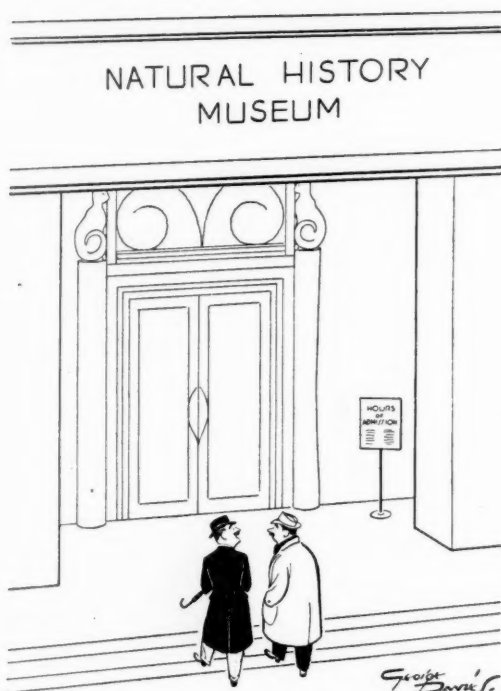
fact for the providers of such drama that, while most boys hate a so-called "boys' story" and long for something grown-up, there are plenty of adults who prefer to be entertained as children. For them *Warn That Man!* offers the spectacle of simple virtue out-manceuvring villainy, with a pleasant glimpse of fair lady and never a sign of faint heart.

There was a time when the sovereignty of the actor was intimidated by printing his name at the bottom of the programme after an introductory "and." The habit may have gone out when a malicious scribe or printer substituted "but" for "and." In this case "and" might be justly reintroduced. There is a large and persevering cast, plodding devotedly through crime to punishment. And there is Mr. HARKER, not only rattling triumphantly in the ancestral arras, but bringing the voice of the street into the old oak and new conspiracies of his Castle Dangerous and driving a plebeian foot with the utmost firmness into what the estate-agents would most certainly and justly have called "A Nobleman's Seat."

I. B.



"There is no comparison, Comrade. Our dear Fuehrer DOESN'T ride a white horse!"



"My errand here is to find some still more repulsive animal or reptile whose name could be applied to the Axis Leaders."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### A Virginian Character

THIS book is much better than might be guessed from its whimsical title—*Father Was a Handful*, by REBECCA YANCEY WILLIAMS (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6). Mr. YANCEY, its hero and the father of the title, was attorney of Lynchburg, a small Virginian town, at the beginning of this century. The YANCEYS were one of the oldest families in Lynchburg, and YANCEY, as his wife told him, looked upon his position as attorney as hereditary. He appears, from his daughter's lively and brilliant account of him, to have been a man of uncommon intelligence, force and picturesqueness, explosive, domineering, a great talker and a lovable, though trying, husband and father. As he was always in the centre of the stage, his wife tended to withdraw into the background, where she formed a life of her own, studying genealogy and reading innumerable books. Her husband's friends, later reinforced by her children's, flooded the house, and as there was no room for any friends of hers, she had to amuse herself as best she could. But she continued to love her exasperating husband, nor did he have things all his own way, for she gave so much time to her hobbies that the management of the house suffered greatly, and YANCEY would sometimes exclaim: "Your mother is really a very beautiful and lovely woman—a very intellectual woman. But I'll be damned if she is not one of the worst managers

I ever saw!" Mr. and Mrs. YANCEY do not occupy the whole of the book. There are many minor figures, vividly and humorously described, as, for example, the old coloured servant, "Uncle Jake," who used to talk with the animals as though they were human beings, discussing local gossip with the cows and sheep, and reserving crops, politics and religion for the horses and pigs. But the main interest centres in YANCEY, who in spite of all his foibles engages the reader's admiration and respect. At a time when most of the nation were enthusiastic for Prohibition, he forecast that it could not be enforced, that it would promote corruption in high places, and that it would cause a wave of lawlessness which would make the States the laughing-stock of the world.

#### Mary and Bothwell

That there can be written yet another novel around "the love story of Mary Queen of Scots" is a tribute to the vitality of her legend and the enterprise of the novelist. The love story—but what is one among so many?—is in MARGARET IRWIN's case the *affaire BOTHWELL*, which a new dispensation of (shall one say) colour-wash envisages as an episode of violent but serviceable passion, on the whole as good as the luckless Queen ever got. This may well be, for MARY's men were a poor set; and *The Gay Galliard* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 10/6), besides being her mother's trusted retainer, was a competent leader of men. That he was also a ruffian, a loose liver and, politically, a Protestant, was little help to his sovereign; and as their common story ends with his Norwegian exit and her English imprisonment, there is no time to work out the whole MARY whose mystical motto, "In my end is my beginning," can only be read in the light of her subsequent life. What is accomplished here is a cleverly-simplified, well-grouped historical romance with very little "period" flavour to intrigue the connoisseur or worry the general reader.

#### Evolution on the Move

Thirty or forty years ago evolution, like the other bequests of the nineteenth century, had a good solid appearance. It was supposed to produce its effects very gradually, in a quiet unfurried fashion; and fanciful writers, H. G. WELLS and others, would draw pictures of



our planet some millions of years hence, cooling down as an exhausted sun went slowly out of business. But this present age of relativity, surrealism and HITLER requires a much less formal, a much brisker and more unexpected type of evolution. In *The Curve of Fate* (ANDREW DAKERS, 12/6), Mr. LONSDALE BRYANS has met this need most fully. According to Mr. BRYANS, evolution, after taking things easily for tens of thousands of years, has now really got down to work. This, he says, is the Electric Age. The tortoise of evolution has turned into the electric hare; we are living in the "last cosmogenetic throes of planet pregnancy," and "the end is near." What exactly he means by the end is somewhat obscure. "Something is in the air. Something is on its way," he writes. This is not as explicit as it might be, nor will the reader's perhaps rather anxious curiosity be much allayed by "This final phenomena of evolutionary growth will consist in the psychophysical fruit of that 'second birth' which, as already described in the chapter on the 'Mystery of Sex,' is a matter of de-production, rather than of reproduction." Searching further for Mr. BRYANS's meaning, we read that man, as we know him to-day, "consists of a weighty ballast of ape-ancestral past and a mighty dynamic of what may be summed up as Future." So, apparently, we are shortly to expect a blitzkrieg between Ballast and Future. The publisher tells us on the jacket that this is "essentially a book for youth," but if de-production rather than reproduction is the key to the apocalyptic mix-up forecast by Mr. BRYANS, the older people may fare best. A turbid book, but not without interest as a sign of the times.

#### Marks of the Beast

In *Beastmark the Spy* (BLACKWOOD, 8/6), Mr. STORER CLOUSTON has written what surely must be one of the best thrillers of the present war. The main scenes take place in cottages, farms, a manse, and a hall in the Orkneys after a so-called Swedish sailor had survived a wreck, been taken to hospital and disappeared from it after he had recognized one of the nurses. The sailor was really a British naval officer who had been dismissed the Service before the war because he had been found guilty of selling an invention to a German Agent. The author does not make a very good case for his hero, for it is difficult to imagine that anyone clever enough to perfect a naval invention would be fool enough to believe that reputable purchasers would wish to keep their names secret. However, his folly makes the plot for a really



"Hi! BILL! DON'T COME DOWN THIS LADDER. I'VE TOOK IT AWAY."

F. H. Townsend, January 10th, 1917

excellent story in which two clever women, a Scottish minister, some naval officers and some nauseating Germans all take part. It is as good a book for boys or girls as for grown-up people, and that is a rare thing.



## Cultural Development

"**I** GATHER from a chance word of yours," said Peter, interrupting the curate so suddenly that his Adam's apple was surprised at the upper terminus of the bounce and remained there poised tremulously for some seconds, "that this Literary and Dramatic Society for which you are seeking support is in some way connected with Culture. You will therefore want to hear about our Native Cultural Development Policy on the Coast.

"Very well. While my brother-in-law is investigating the curious disappearance of that bottle of whisky of his which I clearly remember leaving unfinished on the sideboard last night, I will tell you about it. Although," he added severely, "I am really supposed to be on leave.

"The Native Cultural Development Policy was initiated by the first MacDonald Government by telegram the first week it came into office. I need hardly say that it was loyally put into effect by the Administration on the Coast, although some of the forms were exceptionally hard to fill in. On the whole, however, the natives liked it, especially the breathing exercises. It was with the advent, if you like to call it that, of the second MacDonald Government," he went on, freezing with his eye an inclination on the part of the curate to fidget, "that the policy was clarified.

"I was in charge of a District at the

time. It was a small District, probably no larger than Russia, and I had a man to help me, but I was young and I found it jolly worrying. The first intimation was a telegram from home which was repeated to all Districts. I remember it well. 'Native cultural development policy stop all this on the hands down greasy pole stuff wrong stop what government means is poetry drama fretwork literature stop thomas furious stop send returns poetry drama fretwork literature all districts instant stop also ants stop.' Then they made it harder by sending another cable which ran, if my memory serves me, 'Native cultural development policy stop silly slip first telegram stop cant think what thinking of stop not ants only art stop thomas says ants useless stop anxiously awaiting returns stop must stop now stop.'

"Of course there was nothing for it but to call the headmen together and hold a 'mgplwaba.'

"How do you spell it?" I asked, playing for a break.

"It is spelt capital-snake-tom-tom-man-with-his-leg-in-the-air-double-crocodile-kraal-horse. That is in the native script, of course. As I was saying before I was interrupted, I immediately called a 'mgplwaba, and I put it pretty strongly to the headmen that unless they could cough up a good deal of drama, fretwork, poetry and whatever-it-was, it was no good carrying on. I could tell they felt pretty

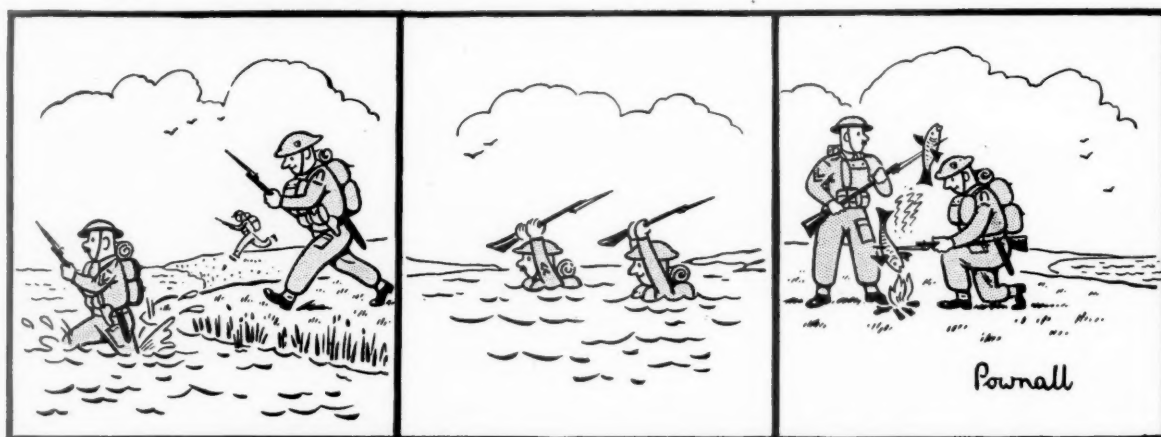
sheepish about it. One or two tried to pretend that they used to have a lot of literature and poetry and things but they'd lost them somehow and couldn't just remember the shape.

"I recited all the poetry I could think of to show them what it was like. Then one chap said he knew a poem his father had taught him, only perhaps it might want altering a little. It went 'Dong - ba - dong - ba - dong - ba - dong - ba——' until sunset and then you killed a goat. He thought it might do if it had 'was-a-young-lady' in front like English poetry.

"Then I told them about literature. The chap before me in the District had been a bit of a highbrow—one of these chaps that's always reading, you know—and luckily when he left he had forgotten his book, so I showed it to them and got them jolly keen. They all wanted to borrow it. It wasn't just for show either. I showed them how you can catch a mosquito in a book if you drug it with cigarette-smoke first. After that I made them all order books of their own from England.

"Soon after this the Home Government realized that the extra work of Cultural Development could not be thrown on Administrative officers without entailing serious risk of injuring them by overwork, so that the responsibility was lifted from our shoulders. But a special department was set up, and it still goes on like billy-o."

A. M. C.



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